

Poetic Voice Magazine



Volume Eleven: Summer 2023

Poetic Voice Magazine: Volume Eleven

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Obelisk Press

Vancouver, BC, Canada

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Featured Poem: And Shadows Will Creep Away

My shadow crept across the floor
It stretched as far as time permit
and marched its way beyond the door
far into the empty hall beyond.

It mark the impending step of time
when friendship lasts a little while
and misadventures are a crime
boxed as a captive on trodden tiles.

What does one do as sadness comes?
When grief and sorrow and pity lands
hard upon a worn out face that some
short moment before knew great hope.

It says “*trust no one!*” surely not yourself!
Go to and hide behind your shadow.
Do not bear to show your face
on which tears stream pitied, lo.

Let this outcast light creep away.
The darkness comes and hide. Let no
one touch your solemn heart, pray

set yourself against the world ... go ...

End not as a forgotten captive
of the misdeeds or others, who
choose not to understand your life
and do what tortuous harm they do.

Well, a person cannot be an isle ...
done entire of themselves, they say.
Yet I know fate will, in a while
lend lasting refuge from rueful days.

And shadows will creep away
do mischief to others, fear
do return when some unfutured day
my eyes forever are dried of tears.

I wish not to be left alone,
far from even you, my shadow ...
Friend, if time heals all earthy wounds
seek me not too long tomorrow ...

For then I shall be your shadow
and creep across your trodden floor
to whisper quietly into your ear
that I am here no more.

by Patrick Bruskiewich



Poetic Voice Magazine Welcomes Submissions

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is pleased to publish this eleventh volume of *Poetic Voice Magazine* which serves to feature the work of aspiring poets.

Poetic Voice Magazine welcomes submissions on a quarterly basis. Please feel free to submit your poetry to

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

Poetic Commentary

Commentary: An Analysis of If by Kipling by A. L. Sharum

If by Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or beiffg lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too Wise.

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue
Or walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

I think this poem represents what each of us should try to achieve.

I have to start off by saying that this is my favorite poem of all time! I think if we could strive to do even half the things he mentions in the poem, we would be far better people. There are so many lessons to be learned from the poem. Let's analyze them in the hopes that we can come close to meeting their expectations.

The first section of the poem, in my opinion, is about being true to one's self. There are always going to be people who think differently than you, or

misjudge you for one reason or another. I think the poem is saying that we need to rise above this, and do what we know is right and just. Don't let others provoke you into actions you know are wrong. Know the value of your self worth, but don't become conceited.

The second section is about overcoming obstacles that get in your path, whether by others, or of your own making. Follow your dreams, but be realistic in the approach. I believe this section is teaching perseverance, to keep going, even when things get rough.

I believe the most important lesson in the third section is to never give up! It is truly hard to get back up after life has beaten you into the ground. It can be done though, if we always believe in ourselves and know that we did it once so we can do it again! This is a very important lesson, and one that we all should take to heart. Kipling knew how hard life can sometimes be, and I think this section of the poem is full of hope for all of us.

The last section has two important lessons. First, that we are all equal. Don't put yourself above anyone else, but know that you are just as good as everyone else. There are things to be admired in almost everyone if you look hard enough. The second lesson I take from this section, is to never waste time. Make every minute of every day count!

These are certainly lofty standards, but one's that we should try our best to attain. Read the poem, and really pay attention to what it's saying. See if you

are doing all of the positive things he describes. If not, work on it. I believe this poem is a road map to life, and we just have to learn to read the signs.

Commentary: An analysis of A Poet to His Beloved by G. K. Fralin

An analysis of A Poet to His Beloved, by William Butler Yeats

"A Poet to His Beloved" was written by William Butler Yeats and published in his collection "*The Wind Among the Reeds*" in 1899. The poem is a lyrical pronouncement of his love for Maud Gonne a political activist and actress. His life went through many changes, as had hers, but the story of his devotion to Gonne is well known. Even though she never agreed to marry him, Yeats continued to love her for most of his adult life. This poem was also a part of his first collective publication of poems. It is also somewhat out of place in his first collection which is mostly tributes to historic figures. Yeats was in transition at this point moving from writing lyrical stage plays to his most notable works today as a poet.

A Poet to His Beloved by William Butler Yeats.

I bring you with reverent hands
The books of my numberless dreams,
White woman that passion has worn
As the tide wears the dove-grey sands,
And with heart more old than the horn

That is brimmed from the pale fire of time:
White woman with numberless dreams,
I bring you my passionate rhyme.

The words "reverent hands" in Line 1 are used as a way to show his devotion and respect. Line 2 "The books of my numberless dreams" is indicative of years of holding his heart for this one woman. As a lyricist and poet, Yeats would use such words to communicate the depth of his love.

After study of this beautiful poem and learning of Yeats private life, I am determined that this poem was written as a part of one of his proposals of marriage to Maud Gonne. Yeats met her in his younger years when she sought him out. She had admired his work and was anxious to meet him.

It seems Yeats fell in love with the young woman and remained faithfully celibate even though she married another man. After her marriage ended in 1899 Yeats began proposing again, but their political differences kept her from accepting. So the following lines refer to his memory of her as a young "White" idealistic woman whose passions over the many years have taken a toll.

*"White woman that passion has worn
As the tide wears the dove-grey sands"*

Maud Gonne was known for her tumultuous lifestyle. I don't believe that he refers only to sexual passions but to her many years of political activism, marriage and loss. Sexuality may have been hinted at here, but only in passing. Yeats allegedly stayed true to her until their relationship was finally consummated in a one night affair in 1908.

The comparison to a tide wearing down "dove-grey sands" is a reference to her age though not in an insulting way. The next line refers to his age and long devotion.

"And with heart more old than the horn"

The word horn seems appropriate for this line as a "horn" was often used to proclaim or to announce a proclamation.

"That is brimmed from the pale fire of time:"

For this line I want to note the seeming contradiction of the words brimmed and pale in such a manner. But they are not surprising as Yeats was a very complex and often contradictory personality and it showed in his work. However; in this case I don't think he intends a contradiction but refers to how his love has grown even if his passion as he ages may be waning somewhat. It is a way of telling her his love has grown the longer they have known each other. It is as if he already is married to her in his heart of hearts. The

punctuation at the end of the line has not escaped notice either. It indicates a continuation.

"White woman with numberless dreams,"

In continuing he refers back to his first address to her as "white woman." This is a reference to her youth. He is now focusing on what she wanted from life "with numberless dreams," he acknowledges how they both started out as idealistic and young.

Yeats never indicated that he wished her to be any other way than she was. He in fact admired her for her convictions and determination.

The last line of the poem is the presentation of this poem to his love interest.

"I bring you my passionate rhyme."

Yeats did finally give up on Gonne after a bland proposal at the age of 51. He no longer seemed to yearn for her. He wanted to marry and have an heir. He did marry a young woman by the name of Georgie. His life continued to leap between one political ideal and another as well as from religious convictions into mysticism and back to his Protestant roots, at least for a time. He did continue to care about Gonne and they remained friends.

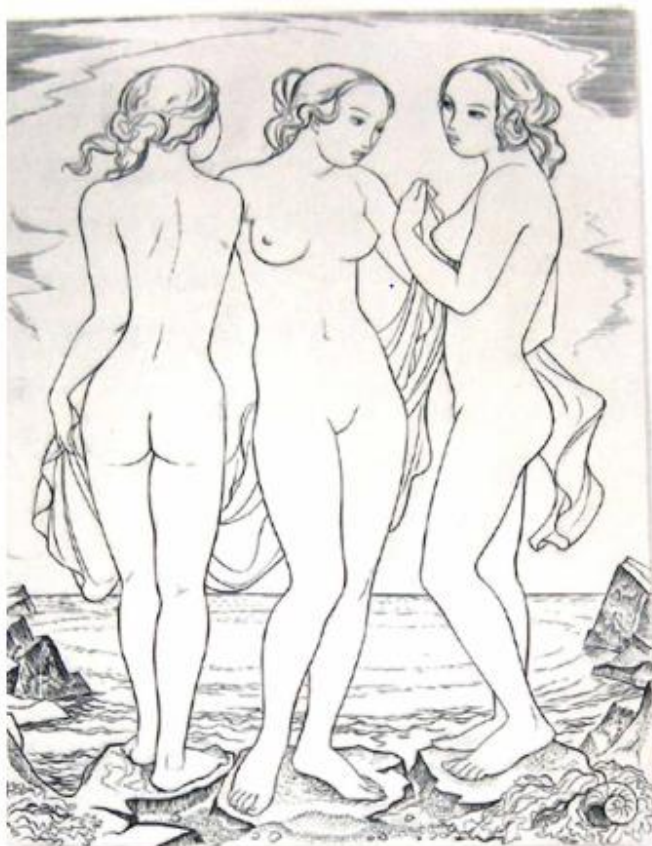
A Nobel Prize winning author for some of his plays, Yeats is today known best for his poetry which took up most of the later years of his life. Though

complex and wavering in his life, Yeats experimenting with views gives us a rich diversity to enjoy in his writings.

Pictorial: Please Spread Your Feathers for me Mr. Peacock



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New Poetry

Erotic Poems by Tia Tai

What Do You Prefer?

Oh men, do tell me true
How do you like to see my pubic hue?
Do you prefer a natural bush
Or a clean Brazilian that's plush?

Perhaps the landing strip is more your style
Or the lightning bolt makes you smile
Do you fancy the love heart shape
Or go for the martini with its drape?

Some like the silver fox that's gray
But others think it's best to stay
Within the lines of a speedo or bikini
Which makes it neat and oh so teeny.

Do you like it hidden or on display,
Shaved clean or in a special way,
Do you like to explore and discover
Or leave it to the imagination forever?

So pray, do tell me with great candor
What look makes your heart beat with a thunder

For I am curious to know
How you like your girl's pubic glow.

Let me Decide

I love my little bushy patch,
Short and soft, it's quite a catch.
I don't want to be bare down there,
It makes me feel vulnerable and rare.

A little bit of hair is just fine,
It's natural, not a crime.
I don't need to conform to society's norms,
I'll keep my short pubes, in all forms.

It's my body, my choice, my right,
To keep my fuzz, to hold it tight.
I don't need to please anyone else,
I'll keep my short pubes, for my own self.

So don't judge me or call me names,
For I'm proud of my little mane.
Short and wild, it's just my style,
My short pubes, always bring a smile.

Praise to Women's Breasts

My breasts are not just fatty tissue,
They come in all shapes and sizes, it's true.
Some are small and perky like grapes,
Others are larger and fuller, like cakes.

Some are lopsided or asymmetrical,
One might be bigger than the other, it's normal.
Some are pointed like cones,
Others are round like melons.

Some are saggy and droopy,
But that doesn't make them any less groovy.
They've nourished babies and felt pleasure,
And that is something to always treasure.

So let's celebrate our breasts,
In all their uniqueness and crest.
They are a part of who we are,
And they deserve love and care.

Cleavage

I've learned a simple trick
To make the boys go wild
It's just a little bit of skin

That leaves them all beguiled

It's the curve that draws them in
And captures their attention
The sight of cleavage gives them joy
And fills them with pure temptation

I can see their eyes all wandering
As they scan my chest with glee
And though it's a bit unsettling
It's also quite flattering, you see

After all, why fight the urge
To indulge in such a sight?
My curves are simply too alluring
To resist with all their might

So let the boys stare at my chest
And drink in the view with zeal
For I know that cleavage is a weapon
That they simply cannot conceal.

Yearnings

As the moon rises high in the sky,
I feel a hunger deep inside.

A yearning for something wild and free,
A desire that won't be denied.

I can feel my heart racing fast,
As my thoughts turn to the past.
The countless nights I've spent alone,
Wishing for something to call my own.

But now the fire burns bright and hot,
And I want what I've been missing, a lot.
To feel a man's strong arms around me tight,
And to lose myself in the wildness of the night.

I ache for passion and a lover's touch,
To lose control and give in to lust.
To let my body be free and wild,
And feel the heat that desires piled.

So tonight I'll wander through the streets,
Hoping to find someone to meet.
Someone who will take me to new heights,
And satisfy my deepest, wildest delights.

My Dreams at Night

As I tuck myself into bed at night,

My thoughts begin to take flight.
I dream of things both wild and obscene,
Of dirty talk and kinky scenes.

My lips part open as I speak,
My voice a low and sultry streak.
I whisper things I dare not say,
In the light of the day.

My fantasies run wild and free,
As I let my mind be all it can be.
I long to touch and taste and feel,
To make my lover's senses reel.

I crave the thrill of the untamed,
To explore this world, yet unclaimed.
So let me speak my dirty mind,
And leave my inhibitions far behind.

For when the night falls and I'm alone,
I'll let my deepest desires be shown.
And though some may judge and criticize,
I'll speak my truth, and let my heart arise.

For I am a woman who loves all things raw,
And though society may try to ignore,

I'll never be ashamed of who I am,
For I am a girl who loves to talk dirty, damn.

Flirting

Flirting, it's an art.
For women who want to be smart,
if you learn the tricks and do it right,
he will long for you, all day and night.

Compete with him, just a little,
but don't make him feel belittle.
Show him that you are hard to get
and is worthy of someone perfect.

Touch him, let him feel your warmth,
Make him feel you're not indifferent,
Keep the conversation flowing,
Impress him with your sensual clothing.

Be playful and laugh at his jokes,
Make him feel relaxed and provoke,
Play hard to get, for a while,
Let him enjoy the chase and smile.

Whisper into his ear, softly and seductively,

Let your voice sound, sultry and convincingly,
Bite your lip, for an enticing effect,
Let him imagine, how much you're perfect.

Get close to him, let him feel your touch,
Squeeze past him, closely and hush,
Use open body language, let him in,
Feel the pleasure building up within.

Let him catch you looking, with a spark,
Make him want you, even in the dark,
Text him something naughty, just a tease,
Make him crave for more, just with ease.

Make eye contact, frequently and bold,
Let him know, you're under his control,
Flirting, it's an art, so play it right,
Make him long for you, all day and night.

Guilt

In my head, I'm always torn
Between what's right and what I want more
When I'm feeling heated and forlorn
I do things I'll surely regret for sure

I can't help how my body feels
It craves the touch of another
And despite the consequences, I steal
The moments that I'll pay for later

I cheat on my boyfriend with ease
And make out with my best friend's lover
I even gave in to my sister's husband's please
All just to satisfy my lustful hunger.

I know they're just using me for sex
But I'm willing to play the game
I can't resist the temptation, I'm vexed
And yet, I'll just end up feeling shame

Guilt and regret will always follow
As I wake up the next day, alone
I know I've acted very shallow
And promised to never again atone

But then the cycle repeats itself
As if my body has a mind of its own
I know I'll never be freed from this spell
Until my desire has fully grown

So please forgive my invasive thoughts

And my tendency to act out of line
I'm just a girl whose passion can't be fought
Even when I'll regret it time after time.

His Smell

I know it might seem odd,
But there's something about that smell,
That drives me crazy, oh my god,
I can't help but feel compelled.

It's not just any scent,
It's the specific one that lingers,
A fragrance that's heaven-sent,
Arousing my lustful fingers.

The musk of your manhood,
Mixed with sweat and pheromones,
Is a scent that's understood,
To ignite my lustful bones.

And though some may find it gross,
To me it's irresistibly sexy,
As I inhale, I feel engrossed,
In the passion that surrounds me.

So let me enjoy the aroma,
Of your penis and balls divine,
For it's a scent that's like no other,
And drives me wild every time.

A Kiss

A fiery kiss,
Filled with desire,
Lips locked in bliss,
Setting our hearts on fire.

The touch of skin on skin,
Electricity in the air,
Hearts racing with a grin,
As we lose ourselves in the moment fair.

Passionate and sweet,
Our love for each other shines,
As we surrender to the heat,
And lose track of time.

The world fades away,
As we share this intimate bliss,
Our bodies sway,
In a moment that we will never miss.

Passionate kisses,
That keep us aflame,
Love that never misses,
And forever remains the same.

In the Company of Boys

I bask in the presence of boys,
The center of attention, I enjoy,
Discussing girls, with a sexy voice,
In revealing dress, I make them rejoice.

Talking of sex, kinks, and fetishes,
The freedom to speak without any glitches,
A daring spirit, I never flinch,
And when it comes to porn, I'm always in.

Flirtatious banter makes me gleam,
Boys around me look like a dream,
I love the power it gives me,
The attention is what I aim to see.

So let's talk about things that make us blush,
Secret desires, we need to hush,
The company of boys is what I crave,

And their attention is what I always save.

Let's Have Fun!

Looking for a guy, but not for romance,
No strings attached, just a quick little dance.

Someone to spend a night, or maybe two,
Not looking for forever, just something to do.

No need for roses, or romantic poems,
I just want someone to satisfy my hunger and roam.

No hearts to break, no love to find,
Just a quick little escape, for my restless mind.

I know what I want, and I won't pretend,
Just a guy who's down, for a night with no end.

No need for labels, or promises of forever,
Just two consenting adults, making memories we'll treasure.

So if you're up for it, and you're feeling brave,
Come take a chance with me, just for the day.

We'll live in the moment, with no regrets or fears,

Just two people, having fun and shedding no tears.

Mistake

I never meant to send those pics
To someone I didn't know
But in a moment of distraction
my finger tapped on 'send' and it just went so

For hours I waited, with bated breath
Curled up in a ball on my bed
Wondering if he'd seen them yet
Wishing I could just crawl under the covers instead

But then the phone buzzed
A notification came through
And I finally faced the music
And opened the message, ready to undo

But his response wasn't what I hoped for
Instead of disgust or anger, he was curious
He wanted to know more, see more
And I couldn't help but feel a little delirious

I never meant for this to happen,
A moment of carelessness led to distraction,

Sending a photo to a stranger, without caution,
Leaving me with nothing but pure attraction.

One thing led to another
And soon we were chatting non-stop
couldn't believe what had happened
the mistake had opened up new doors, like my mind had popped

Messages back and forth, leading to temptation,
A conversation that sparked with endless infatuation,
The desire between us grew with each conversation,
Leading to one thing, and one thing only, pure sensation.

I gave in to the temptation
Took more pics, shared more of my intimate self
It was exhilarating, so forbidden
But I couldn't stop, wanted to delve

I knew the risks, but my heart took over,
As we met in a place where only love could conquer.
With each touch, my body surrender,
To the moment where I was left no longer.

What started as an accident,
Turned into a moment of pure bliss,
As we had something that was heaven-sent,

A connection that led to more than just a simple kiss.

But now I stand here, with regret in my heart,
Knowing what I gave up was far too much to start.
A mistake that will forever stay in my memory,
The conflict within me, will remain a mystery.

In Memory of the Boys I have Enjoyed

I've seen them all, big and small
Smooth and bumpy, short and tall
Each one unique, with its own charm
I can't help but feel a sense of awe and alarm

Some are curved, like a banana
Others straight, like a flagpole in Havana
Some are thick, like a summer sausage
Others thin, like a pencil in its usage

But size isn't everything, as we all know
It's the motion that makes the juices flow
Some move like a snake, so smooth and sleek
Others like a piston, strong and unique

Every dick I've encountered has left a mark
A memory of pleasure, like a sweet spark

I may never see them all, but that's okay
For each one I've had, I'll cherish and replay

So here's to the cocks, of every kind
For they bring pleasure and joy, to every mind
May we cherish and appreciate them all
For they bring pleasure and happiness, in their own way and drawl.

Unconditional Love

I ache to please you, my love
To feel your body quiver and move
To taste your passion on my tongue
And feel your heart beat like a drum

But you're so preoccupied, it seems
With games and screens and other things
You watch the match with eager eyes
While I long to hear your moans and sighs

I continue giving you a BJ from under the table
or rimming your ass and balls
while you are enjoying it like a king
having dinner or attending calls

I dress up in my finest clothes

And put on makeup for you to adore
uncomfortable heels and sexy accessories
so that you don't feel bore

But you're too busy with your phone
Looking at *girly* pics that make you groan
sometimes actress, sometimes ... star
or stalking some girl near and far

I offer myself to your whims
Without a second thought or any shims
ready to do no matter how
kinky or degrading it seems

But you compare me to others you've fucked
telling me how sexy and good she was
how nice it felt to fill her pussy
and how big her boobs and ass was

I let you use me however you wish
always ready to *offer all of me* ...
but you fuck me without giving me any attention
while watching your favorite porn

I plan for some romantic date
with decoration and good music

i love to spend time with you
every moment that i can cherish

but you don't care about foreplay
you just look for your release
you use me like a sex toy, a flashlight
and dump me whenever you please ...

I long to feel your love for me
And have you prioritize my ecstasy
But it seems that all you care about
Is finding pleasure from some other bout

You mock me, degrade me,
humiliate me for all i do for you
But still I come back every time,
coz my love is true.

So I'll continue to offer myself
In the hope that someday you'll see
my love for you is pure and unconditional
and you also feel the same about me.

The Art of Her

Her body is a work of art,

From her eyes that enchant my heart,
To her face that speaks of grace,
And her lips that I long to taste.

Her hairs flow like a cascade,
And her neck invites a gentle embrace,
The curve of her boobs is a sight to behold,
And her underarm is as soft as gold.

Her cleavage is a secret garden,
And her navel, a divine button,
Her waist, a dreamy hourglass,
And her thighs, a pair I'll forever stare in class.

Her *bum*, a work of perfection,
And her legs, a mighty creation,
And the littlest details, like her feet,
Are all a part of this magnificent feat.

Her body is a work of art,
A masterpiece that will never depart,
An endless fountain of beauty and grace,
That will forever hold a special place.

Pictorial: Come Tickle Me with the Peacock Feathers



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Contemporary Poetry

The Three Graces by John Williamson Palmer

Tell me, little trembling rose,
Thou whose sweet, coy crimson glows
Where Her lilies, chaste and pale,
Mutely tell their pensive tale,—
What your name, and whence you came?
Whence your rapture, or your shame?

Tell me, faint æolian, moan,
Thou whose plaintive monotone,
Like the widowed dove's at night,
Chides a cheerful chirp's delight,—
What your name, and whence your pain?
Why that trouble in your strain?

Tell me, brilliant, pure and clear,
Loth to leave thy purer sphere,—
Some dumb sorrow's darkened plight
Broke in eloquence and light,—
What thy name, thy pleading charm?
Who would do thee any harm?

Blush am I; but by and by,
If I live, they'll call me Sigh.
I'm a sigh; but if I grow,

Tear they'll name me, for my woe.

Call me Tear, dear, if I move

Thee to pity; if I prove

Wanton vanity above.

I was Blush once, I was Sigh;

I'll be Memory by and by.—

But our story's name is LOVE!

Two Poems by Sylvia Plath

Two Sisters of Persephone

Two girls there are: within the house
One sits; the other, without.
Daylong a duet of shade and light
Plays between these.
In her dark wainscotted room
The first works problems on
A mathematical machine.
Dry ticks mark time
As she calculates each sum.
At this barren enterprise
Rat-shrewd go her squint eyes,
Root-pale her meagre frame.
Bronzed as earth, the second lies,
Hearing ticks blown gold
Like pollen on bright air. Lulled
Near a bed of poppies,
She sees how their red silk flare
Of petalled blood
Burns open to sun's blade.
On that green altar
Freely become sun's bride, the latter
Grows quick with seed.

Grass-couched in her labour's pride,
She bears a king. Turned bitter
And sallow as any lemon,
The other, wry virgin to the last,
Goes graveward with flesh laid waste,
Worm-husbanded, yet no woman.

Medallion

By the gate with star and moon
Worked into the peeled orange wood
The bronze snake lay in the sun
Inert as a shoelace; dead
But pliable still, his jaw
Unhinged and his grin crooked,
Tongue a rose-coloured arrow.
Over my hand I hung him.
His little vermilion eye
Ignited with a glassed flame
As I turned him in the light;
When I split a rock one time
The garnet bits burned like that.
Dust dulled his back to ochre
The way sun ruins a trout.
Yet his belly kept its fire
Going under the chainmail,

The old jewels smouldering there
In each opaque belly-scale:
Sunset looked at through milk glass.
And I saw white maggots coil
Thin as pins in the dark bruise
Where his innards bulged as if
He were digesting a mouse.
Knifelike, he was chaste enough,
Pure death's-metal. The yardman's
Flung brick perfected his laugh.

Pictorial: What Have I Done to Deserve This?



Surrealist and Dada Poetry

Two Poems by Kurt Schwitters

Autumn (1909)

The forest is silent in grief.
She must patiently suffer
Her dear betrothed,
The summer, to depart.
In grief and anguish still
She holds him in her arms.
You, my love, wept when I departed.
Could I now but rest on your heart!

Poem No. 48 (1920)

Staggering.
Earthworm.
Fishes.
Clocks.
The cow.
The forest leafs the leaves.
A drop of asphalt in the snow.
Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry.
A wise man bursts without wages.

Very Silly Poems by Andre Breton

I

Shall we draw the
 victim's name out of a hat
Aggression slip knot
 The one who was talking perishes
The murderer rises and says
 Suicide
End of the world
 Rolling of shell-fish flags.

II

At the school of infinite thoughts
 Of the most beautiful world
Hymenopterous buildings
 I should write books full of mad tenderness
If you were still in that novel
 Composed at the head of the stairs

End of the World by Richard Huelsenbeck

Dedicated to Elizabeth Huelsenbeck (1948).

This is what things have come to in this world
The cows sit on the telegraph poles and play chess
The cockatoo under the skirts of the Spanish dancer
Sings as sadly as a headquarters bugler and the cannon lament all day
That is the lavender landscape Herr Mayer was talking about
when he lost his eye
Only the fire department can drive the nightmare from the drawing¬ room
but all the hoses are broken
Ah yes Sonya they all take the celluloid doll for a changeling and shout:
God save the king
The whole Monist Club is gathered on the steamship Meyerbeer
But only the pilot has any conception of high C
I pull the anatomical atlas out of my toe a serious study begins
Have you seen the fish that have been standing in front of the opera in
cutaways
for the last two days and nights ...?
Ah ah ye great devils—ah ah ye keepers of the bees and commandants
With a bow wow wow with a boe woe woe
who today does not know what our Father Homer wrote
I hold peace and war in my toga but I'll take a cherry flip
Today nobody knows whether he was tomorrow They beat time with a coffin
lid

If only somebody had the nerve to rip the tail feathers out of the trolley car
it's a great age

The professors of zoology gather in the meadows

With the palms of their hands they turn back the rainbows

the great magician sets the tomatoes on his forehead

Again thou hauntest castle and grounds

The roebuck whistles the stallion bounds

(And this is how the world is this is all that's ahead of us)

Two Poems by Paul Eluard

Les Fleurs

I am fifteen years old, I take myself by the hand.
Conviction of being young with the advantages of being most affectionate.

I am not fifteen years old. From the past is born an incomparable silence.
I dream of this fine, this splendid world of pearls and stolen grasses.

You think I'm upset; I'm not. Don't take me,—let me be.
My eyes and fatigue must be the color of my hands. Faith, what a grimace at
the sun, for nothing but rain.
I assure you there are things as clear as this story of love; if I die, I do not
know you anymore.

Information Please

To drink red wine in blue glasses and castor oil in German brandy, distant
horizon

A man alive rides a horse alive to meet a woman alive leading on a leash a
dog alive.

A black dress or a white? Big shoes or little ones?

Look. There, across there, he who works earns money.

I have read “Old shamefaced invalid,” “coquettish fortune in Paris,” and “This fan with beautiful ribs.”

Flame extinguished, your old age is extinguished smoke.

I do not like music, all this piano music robs me of all I love.

Pictorial: Peek a Boo ... I See You!



Canadian Poetry

Six Poems by Albert D. Watson (1859 – 1926)

The Comet

Spectral, mysterious, flame-like thing
Cleaving the western night,
Waking from chrysalis-dream to fling
Out of thy spirit's long chastening
Far-flashing streams of light.

Tell us thy thought of the things that are;
How doth the morning sing?
What hast thou seen in the worlds afar ?
Tell us thy dream, O thou silvery star.
Bird with the white-flame wing.

What though the glow of thy fading ray
Dim and elusive seem.
Constant thou art to the sun's bright sway
Faithful and true in thy tireless way.
True in thy spectral gleam.

Rising anew from thine ancient pyre.
Vapour and dust thy frame,
Still art thou Psyche, the soul's desire.
Wingless, save when from reefs of fire

Mounting in shaft of flame.

God and Man

God is eternity, the sky, the sea.
The consciousness of universal space,
The source of energy and living grace.
Of life and light, of love and destiny,
God is that deep, ethereal ocean, free,
Whose billows keep their wide unbarriered place
Amid the stars that move before His face
In robes of hurricane and harmony.

A light that twinkles in a distant star,
A wave of ocean surging on the shore.
One substance with the sea; a wing to soar
Forever onward to the peaks afar,
A soul to love, a mind to learn God's plan,
A child of the eternal—such is man.

The Sacrament

The World was build'd out of flame and storm.
The oak, blast-beaten on the hills, stands forth,
Stalwart and strong. The ore is broken, crushed
And sifted in the fiery crucible;

The remnant is pure gold. Brave hearts must dare
The billowy surge beneath the stern white stars
To net the finny harvests of the sea.
No boon is won, but some true hero dies.

Therefore is every gift a sacrament.
And every service is a holy thing —
Not unto him whose filthy pence unearned
The treasure buys, but to the one who takes
The gift with reverence from that unknown
Who went forth brave and strong, came broken back,
But won for us a rare and priceless pearl.

Dream-Valley

I know a vale where the oriole swings
Her nest to the breeze and the sky,
The iris opens her petal wing's
And a brooklet ripples by;
In the far blue is a cloud-drift,
And the witch-tree dresses,
With a rare charm in the warm light,
Her long dream-tresses.
But yestermorn—or was it a dream?
When daisies were drinking the dew,
I wandered down by the little stream,

And who was there but you?
Though nature smiled with the old joy
To the boldest comer,
It was your voice and the wild-bird's
Were the soul of summer.
When bowed with the toils of many years,
I would rest, if it be Love's will.
In a vale where the bird songs to my ears
Come floating across the hill.
With the sweet breath of the June air
And the purple clover.
And the lone dream of the old love.
And the blue skies over.

The Lily

Emblem of beauty and sorrow.
Twine with each wistful to-morrow
The past with its memories teeming
And all its dear innocent dreaming.
Go thou, O Lily, and o'er her cast
The drifting breath of the wind-swept hills;
Sing her the music of forest rills;
Whisper a dream of the sacred past;
Lie on her heart till the angels wake
Her deathless love for the old time's sake.

Still to that love I am turning
Though beyond reach of my yearning;
And never the vision shall vanish
Nor time nor eternity banish
That dream so splendid of love and tears
That still transfigures the lonely years.
Go, Lily, go with my love and lie
Close to her heart and never die;
To her with my love I bequeath you,
Fair as the glow of the golden sky
When twilight falls and the breezes sigh,
Sweet as the bosom beneath you,
Pure as the dew on the glistening sod.
White as the snowflake, perfect as God.

A Prayer

O thou whose finger-tips.
From out the unveiled universe around.
Can touch my human lips
With harmonies beyond the range of sound;

Whose living word.
All vital truth revealing,
My soul hath stirred
To raptures holy, comforting and healing;

Beneath, around, above.
Breathe on me atmospheres
Of universal Love —
The music of the timeless years;

Upon my soul,
Pour vast eternities of might,
Up through my being roll
Deep seas of light
To urge me onward to the Goal,
The Infinite, the Whole.

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Historical Poetry

Kubla Khan by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

 A stately pleasure-dome decree:

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran

Through caverns measureless to man

 Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground

With walls and towers were girdled round

And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills

Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;

And here were forests ancient as the hills,

Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O, that deep romantic chasm which slanted

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!

A savage place! as holy and enchanted

As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted

By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething.

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced;

Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst

Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,

Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man.
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me,
 Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,

That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Pictorial: Am I Really All Here ... Or Has half of Me Disappeared?



An Anthology of Early Poetry (1983-2013) by Patrick Bruskiewich

There for the Grace of God Go I

There for the grace of god go I.
to step the fields, and crosses count
lay down your life for me!
but I shall not forget

The guns no longer speak
your youthful cries are din
you have not grown old, as we
but I shall not forget

Forgotten names and far off places
reasons long lost in time,
and me no sacrifice in kind
but I shall not forget

In air, at sea and on the ground
some battles won and some lost
progress made at too dear a cost
but I shall not forget

Primo no nocere, I am told

by those who won and now grow old
their wisdom alive here in my heart
but I shall not forget

Born a day long past
the wars that would not last
brothers now, no bone contend
but I shall not forget

There for the grace of god go I
to step the fields, and poppies pick
crimson red, reminders still
but I shall not forget

We Had Braved the North Atlantic Run

Death came swift at sea
We lost our ship did we
The Focke-Wulf bombed us
Enemy Action ... sunk us

It circled our ship at dusk
With only a machine gun
Our defense ... the bastard Hun
Shattered my bridge with cannon fire

My first mate died at my side
... then its calculated run
It flung at us, a hungry cat at mouse
I rung up speed ... turned my ship ...

THIS IS IT BOYS!

From a distance we saw it come, fast
and furious, the drop ... the deed was done
We had braved the North Atlantic Run
We the brave had lost.

Five hundred pounds the bomb it was
Plunged at us and hit
A horrid flash, the noise
The smoke ... it exploded amidships.

This our purgatory on earth
The devil is our friend, the hissing
of a thousand vipers, the escape of steam
Abandon Ship! Abandon Ship!

My stockers climbed the steep stairs
Up from the engine room ablaze
Leaving the dead behind in hell. Scalded
soaked in oil, into the icy sea they plunged

One last message to the world
before spark's electricity fades
“CQ... CQ Come Quick!”
We sink ... all is lost ...”

Then the lowering of the boats, we race to
scramble down off our ship. One last time
We leave our lives behind
From now its borrowed time.

Then the final show, the ship we loved
The naked keel, modesty gone
Our ship ... proud Cynthia slipped
into the sea ... her bow dived steep.

The evil plane done flew away
to kill another day ... the Hun had Won!
We had braved the North Atlantic Run
We the brave had lost.

Then silence, the sea wrapped around us.
... it hide us from the sun.
Our long ordeal had now begun
We drifted countless days on days.

The hours passed, the long nights,
The cold, the anguish, the dieing
All brave men ... the stench of oil,
Burnt flesh and gore ... the cry mother I am to die.

The fact that I am here
to tell my solemn story
meant you had come in time
and saved me from me glory

The Hun hangs around my neck
like some dead albatross.
Let me sail another day,
give me another ship

Once again I'll brave the North Atlantic Run
Give me the tools and I shall finish the job
No bastard Hun will kill me off
If not for myself ... then old England

Bring on the Rain

The smell it came before the rain
as powerful as the clouds. The sky
itself did not stay unchanged.
It moved without a sound.

The day, well, the day stood still
unlike the clouds that hurried past.
The mist broke upon the hill
the haze, the vapour, would not last.

And in the sky the horrid sun
bore down upon the world. It fought
a battle it might have won
were it not fleeing from its lot.

The cursed sun, be gone, be gone
the damage you have done ... leave ...
Bring on the rain, the torrential
rain, the unmitigating run.

Hug me for I am lonely

“One Pair, Baby shoes, never used.”

Hug me ...

for I am lonely.

Whilst Absinthe Makes the Heart Grow Fonder

Vincent ... my stars shine bright
They simmer like diamonds of sand
Oh draw you in, come let me laugh
Away the moon and azure land

A light that in our darkness rise,
in sordid public house, where one can set
to one's own ruin ... go mad ... commit a crime
growl gruff, hallucinate ... ere nightmare get

Partake, I must this verdant sin
not once ... not twice ... not in between
let loose the dogs, yes lure me in
then ask me not where I have been.

Lie here, I must, against the spin
how else can I redeem my soul?
Pray catch the chaos that is within
and fortify my heart against the cold.

A sun here burns within my soul
Whilst absinthe makes the heart grow fonder
Why! No one ever comes to harm, old
Selves that burden us to blindly wonder.

Is there a God that truly knows

What we want better than ourselves?
Who helps us where we dare not go
And paint away unhappy lives?

This I say to you ...

Remember when I am gone
And colour not my story
Whilst in life I was a soul foregone
In death, sun's flowers are my glory

And Shadows Will Creep Away

My shadow crept across the floor
It stretched as far as time permit
and marched its way beyond the door
far into the empty hall beyond.

It mark the impending step of time
when friendship lasts a little while
and misadventures are a crime
boxed as a captive on trodden tiles.

What does one do as sadness comes?
When grief and sorrow and pity lands
hard upon a worn out face that some

short moment before knew great hope.

It says “*trust no one!*” surely not yourself!

Go to and hide behind your shadow.

Do not bear to show your face
on which tears stream pitied, lo.

Let this outcast light creep away.

The darkness comes and hide. Let no
one touch your solemn heart, pray
set yourself against the world ... go ...

End not as a forgotten captive
of the misdeeds or others, who
choose not to understand your life
and do what tortuous harm they do.

Well, a person cannot be an isle ...
done entire of themselves, they say.
Yet I know fate will, in a while
lend lasting refuge from rueful days.

And shadows will creep away
do mischief to others, fear
do return when some unfutured day
my eyes forever are dried of tears.

I wish not to be left alone,
far from even you, my shadow ...
Friend, if time heals all earthy wounds
seek me not too long tomorrow ...

For then I shall be your shadow
and creep across your trodden floor
to whisper quietly into your ear
that I am here no more.

Joy Blossoms Forth

At birth there was a precious seed
no bigger than a mote of fluff
from whence there grew with term
a sprig, much cherished and beloved.

The water, earth, sun and wind
lent this little babe its life.
From this small sprig there grew
the majesty of beauty and of youth.

With the passage of scarce time
the sprig became a bush then tree.
Its branches sprouted forth and buds

appeared, proclaiming loss of innocence.

Upon this gentle tree then sprang
leaves set against the bursting winds
which nourished so sweet a thing
first issued forth this month of march.

Such beauty did then blossom forth!
Oh sweet flower stay with us awhile
I beg you not to float to earth, before
I have a chance to share my love.

What guise is this, this pink fragrance
that scatters forth upon the breeze?
It is unsullied snow, I think,
gracious and lovely as herself.

At birth there was a precious seed
no bigger than a mote of fluff
from whence there grew with term
a sprig, much cherished and beloved.

Here today for such brief time
kept as remembrances tomorrow.
A sad flower never blossoms full.
Life is too short to abide in sorrow.

As the water, earth, sun and wind
helped the gentle tree to grow
so too will hope and love
lift a sad heart to paradise.

The cherry blossoms only when
life is radiant and feelings warm
Existence springs from happy thoughts
True beauty floats above the world.

When your heart is sad, remember
somewhere not far above your woe
there is a paradise of love in which
you will find a peaceful friend.

That What Makes Me King

Love and Lust, Croesus' touch
Is everything ever enough?
We fancy all, our paradise found
until it just comes crashing down.

What then we ask?
We have our health.
But not our wealth.

Foul weather friends ... perhaps.

Long wrinkles on our honest face.

Gray hair and an aged grace.

Wisdom gained through our malchance
and misfortune's many happenstance.

Neither empire, nor clothes have we

to hide our person's indignity

We are ourselves and not much more

Are we really, truly poor?

Do we need love? I guess we do

As for lust, does any count matter.

Lift me to the happiness of day

amidst the pillows of soft maternity.

Wealth is hidden somewhere else perhaps

In words, why not in words?

Gold coinage long do not here last

when humanity is our pressing trade.

Who remembers Shakespeare's banker?

The cloth cut by Milton's tailor?

A sweet from Albert's baker?

Aye or Joyce's doctor, who?

Care not, we have more pressing
Matters, which pricks our fancy
amidst soft folds, love's perfume
and pleasures – that what makes me king.

The Tuscan Women Know

Beyond the trees, set rows
away from the tortuous sun
the Tuscan women know
to wait, for they who come.

The threshing's 'nere over
The dry hay heaped, pile high
Tired men return sombre
From the endless fields, bye

the bye, our drink await us.
Come our wilful mates
with us into the shade, lust
we for that that cannot wait.

What could be worst, the burden
we carry in our heavy pouch,
or the sun that seeks to murder

us? Snatch we our lunch.

Set us back. Feed us your pears,
sweet figs, plums and apricots. Come
be happy with us. Lay us bare and
wipe our brow clean, 'til we be done.

Then let us sleep our dreams,
head set upon soft pillows.
And know what pleasure means
Watching clouds above us billow.

Our toil can wait 'till
the afternoon is near set.
Hide us behind your hills ...
let dry our sweat.

Far as we can see
restore us by your pleasure
Esrt happy we shall be
to sleep deep within our treasure.

Past these Hours ... at Twilight's Gate

I howled at the moon
The moon frowned back

It floats a shiny balloon
Alight against the black.

Above the sombre of this bay
Soft temper reflected twice
Once from a face, again away
Over calm waters, still and nice.

Who brands me! A lunacy
Amongst sane people, maybe not.
As for I, pray let me be
And you, just don't get caught.

For us all, night's madness waits
Even genii, in spirit and in thought
Past these hours ... at twilight's gate
When respite cannot be bought.

I shed now all my clothes
And make my way to bed
In fear my eyes I close
For I may soon be dead.

Awake I can do know
The passage of measured time
A heart that beats, the blow

A damaged neck and spine.

But when I sleep I cannot tell
A dream from what is real
My life it is a hell
Soon to heaven I may steal.

These words that I do light
I scribe by inconstant moon
And you my friend just might
By chance, ere tu, you join me soon.

Like Strong Coffee

In this world, unknown
the real becomes surreal,
normal becomes absurd
Nothing is what it seems!

To live in this world,
the possible becomes the impossible
the truth, anything but ...
You try to hide form reality,

To escape all your thoughts
Then something strawberry appears!

Soft, sweet and succulent
Paris' match – Gaulique!

Like strong coffee ... a cup
Petite yet not so fragile.
Everything has changed, here
is something I wish known

You try to hide
from your thoughts,
but all you can imagine
is sugar and spice ...

So Near Yet Distant Can It Be

But soft this moon lit night
Sits gentle atop the bay
Opposed by Cassiopeia's might
It whispers ... what's it say?

Look down upon its mortal men
Far shores reached by handsome few.
It circles earth but once again
before this month is through.

It brings the surges, mighty wash

to cleanse the kindly soul.
Upon emotive shores are tossed
the gallant, strong and bold.

Betwixt the twenty days and eight
wild ostriches and elephants do roam
Those games that men and woman wait
to play get written up in poem.

The stars do twinkle oh so bright
Each and every one so named.
Their passion do draw us fright
then calmness once they came.

That little death we die
for our two fortune's sake.
Once more again we try
and pray our efforts take.

So near yet distant can it be
the gentleness of newfound youth
when seventy and two hundred days,
sees grand issuance of human truth.

The other side we dare to hide
we cannot find the words.

In emptiness our hearts abide
the pitied, barren and the hurt.

Yet soft, a moon lit night
sits gentle above the bay.
Behold such beautiful sight
Blue eyes ... cast newborn gaze.

You Can See That in My Math

I am Bohemian
... really I am

I am as flighty as the clouds
The rain is my tears

The sky is never gray
My sun, it shines all the time

The Caravan of my life
Never lingers long in one place.

Numbers define my universe
Expanding, I mathematic!

Genius is how God thinks

of me, no dust in my eyes.

The rest of humanity, well
seems to sleep unsettled.

My calculation is $\sinh(x)$.
Everything important is relative

You can see that in my math
Really ... I am bohemian.

The Cat Lept Off

The pussy sat on her lap
It purred as she stroke it
Forth and back, and then she tapped
To keep the pussy happy. Sit!

It wanted to sit. Stay
But it would not. It grew
Warm to her touch. She played
awhile. It purred softly. Knew

she its buttons, its nose. Whiskers too and fro.
She softly pawed, fanged but could not stop.
She squirmed, meowed, but could not go

As, she was content to be a top.

She ran her fingers to and fro some more.

The cat shuddered. She lept off

Not once, not twice, she did keep score

A perfect count, but could not get enough,

Let Us Portray All Things of Beauty in our Art

Let us portray all things of beauty in our art

that is the essence of life and light.

And praise the dignity of our heart

speak majestic words, both good and right.

Our dreams are creativity found

by colour, perspective and curved lines.

We draw the measure of all around,

the dissimilar, disjoint, the rough, the kind

What difference is there between art and life ...

Between future, present or past?

That what delivers our happy strife

the fleeting or the things that last.

If artists are not the ones to lift

up the sad and forgotten man

what there is worth our god given gift
For is there anyone else who really cares?

The Strong have Conquered Us the Weak

We know despair, we always do
Through the loss of beauty, something sacred.
A goddess perhaps keeps watch so
Nemesis does, in due course we are punished.

Grand monuments crumble, our city disappears
Darks shadows overtake the light.
The hollow wind wails in anguish, the end is near
Before long we shall lose our fight.

We are mortal! The passage of time seems endless.
Our thoughts once writ are easily forgotten, so they say.
So let us etch them in stone and make them priceless
This shall outlast our lives by many a day.

But once the last of us has spoke
Who then can understand of what we speak?
Our lives, our loins drift away like smoke
The strong have conquered us the weak

They castrate us, then cut out our tongue.

Our offspring are cast in the river
they roast those parts from us that they have rung
The rest wait their fate, in fear they weep and shiver

Our broken shields they pound to ploughs
The gold we called our own recast
their king in time becomes renown
and our fate becomes a long forgotten past.

Many centuries hence you'll stand
where once I bled, a testament to life.
Left to whither in the sun, to a last man
we all, staked to suffer a tortuous strife.

The buzzards have gathered to pick our bones
Our flesh has cooked here in the sun
They fight amongst the ruins of our homes
Their boundless feast has just begun.

The Majestic Beauty of Womanhood

In the tree's shadow ...

Close your eyes and imagine all
Am I your Adam, a pear green?
Eve savour the taste after the fall.

No shame for what we have been

For hidden beneath the outer sight
under layers, much layers of soft cloth
is that what draws us towards the light
like twilight's flighty, violent moths.

The string that binds your shame
lay tangled, naughty, moving still.
This time will pass, do then beware
is this what your wish or will?

Venture I into the valley below
and climb glacier's high
peel back the skin that glows
of crimson flush and do we sigh.

We are at heaven's gate
Glance back, peer forward, stand proud
Our patience melts, we cannot wait
We cannot live atop a cloud.

Step us then out of paradise
To slip the bounds of our regrets
and uncover what is so nice.
Lay you down upon your dress.

Let my finger tips caress with leisure
the wholeness of you, from toe to head
and your body now flush with pleasure
will fill with warm perfume our soft bed

Where is hid the body's lair, its treasure?
Let me trace out the geometry of your curves
let ascending breath set the measure,
the gauge, the crackle, the current of electric nerve

My moist tongue will kiss both lips
Those painted pink, and those pinked dreamed
And suckle at your hidden tips
that little boy, less hidden seemed.

And split the fruit, to plant the seed,
but first furrow, the fertile and the soft
Lunge not esrt 'til thrust agreed.
The serpent has found its loft.

And I now still, you less so
The grace and majesty of you
From above admiring all I know
Stop I and let you finish what's to do.

We two ascend back to the clouds, thou more.
You switch me unto my back
Then I lend to all in store
And you have set me trapped.

Oh ... oh ... oh ... how much further must we go?
I try but I cannot wait no longer
Touch you your fingers to my lips, you know
Please wait ... please wait ... be stronger.

Then your lyrical dance beyond mere words
profane perfection of the human mind
oh, heavenly singing of this bird,
the majestic beauty of womankind.

Is That Not Enough?

There is hollowness in words
Spoken, yet not heard.
The numbness comes by itself
and knows to stay awhile.

We can't seem to go forward.
Are we friends just friends?
Not strangers, nor lovers.
We are what we were, of late.

And tomorrow, like all yesterdays
No different, yet much the same.
Will anything change? Probably not!
For we are just friends, is that not enough?

Conceptions as to What Perhaps May Be

With women, as with flowers
Bright pollen bursts from within
Carried by the wind before the tower
That dare cast shadows on our sins.

The secret splendour of a dream
avant tout le monde, garde
ton Coeur! Fear not what somehow seems
take the very easy, not the very hard.

Can our will sit at boundary's reason
Set it not down at life's centre
The wind it changes with each season
Your fragile heart so too will render

What thoughts precede our actions, let's see
Is it joy and happiness we sought
Conceptions as to what perhaps may be

The price we've paid for what we've bought

Set on! Otherwise unhappiness will be your lot

And vulgarity life's certain fixity

The nonsense, reason and myth all got

From Heraclitoris' self-righteous deity.

*Par chance, je suis malheureux, et ce n'est
pas votre, ni ma faute, ni celle de la vie.*

In seconds, minutes, hours and days

what awaits my lot, we all shall see.

And We Can't Seem to Get Rid of Them

The Tower. It stands Majestic

Peaceful, yet powerful.

Our Flag, the Splendid Flag

flies crested in the wind.

This is the place!

People picked, Parler!

Discuss, debate, decide!

Here, high up the Hill.

It leans like Pisa

sometimes to the right

‘nere often the other way
but always it sways

It survives the wind
Sometimes it evens stands, straight up
Purposeful, proud and true.
It stands on guard for me

It rises, a clarion loud above
each individual stone
that makes this edifice grand
Its mortar is rock solid.

Then darkness blocks out the sun
The Tower whistles and yowls,
for from its very bowels
Is heard a discouraging sound

Can you hear it ...
nibble nibble crunch
Listen carefully
nibble nibble crunch crunch

Mr. Speaker , Mr. Speaker ...
The Honourable Member for Points Far West
I Regret to Inform the House

Yes ... *crunch* ... *crunch* ...

That we are in the midst

Crunch CRunch

Of a crisis to this place

What! ... WHAT?

Order ... Order in the House

The Member has the floor

Mr. Speaker ... it is an infestation.

CRUnch CRUNCh

Come again ... What!

CRUNCh CRUNCH CRUNCH

Their undermining our foundations

nibble nibble crunch crunch

And from the members comes the cry

Is it termites?

CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH

Worst Still ...

What then?

Honourable members ... worst yet!

Martinities!

and we can't seem to get rid of them

She Had Not Much Yet To Grow

Laura de France, la Lyonesse

She tries to understand her heart,

and find true happiness in what is best

The full pleasure that is the part.

She sits and ponders where does love begin?

In the mind, or in some other place?

She worries about where and when it ends

The kind, the measure and the case.

As she sits a blue butterfly dances by

She plays she paws at the air

Then lets out a misfit sigh.

It floats away. Why should I care?

With her sad eyes she looks around

Alone, surrounded by snivelling cubs

Who stumble the part and whine the sound.
Silly little things she knows to snub.

They are little awkward boys.
Her majesty they understand nought.
All led by their pendant toys.
Flesh and conquest it's all they sought.

Laura, you are our concubine they growl
La Lyonesse she knows what she lacks,
But again they begin to hunt, to prowl
When she rolls unto her back.

The afternoon sun feels good to her
as she lays in the shade of a solitary tree.
Her pride, her warm breast, her soft fur
She wants quiet ... oh let me be!

Then a cub, her tail tugs he
She hissed and cried out
How dare you touch me
Then more join in the bout.

They jump on her, they maul
She fought them off as best she can
They paw her belly, then a growl

Things end as fast as they began.

The Master of the Pride arrives.
He struts with majestic step
This, his daughter, his newest bride
He came to claim, and to protect.

Laura sat up and with raised head
Sneered over at the fearful set
Never will I share your common bed
Somewhere else, your pleasure get!

She turns her back and strides away.
She swings her tail to and fro
To bask in the remains of the day,
She had not much yet to grow.

Rhyme Time

Clip ... clop
Flip ... Flop
Hip ... Hop

Hippy ... Dippy
Really ... Lippy
Silly ... Sally

Hilly ... Filly
Filly ... Fanny
Billy ... Willy

Oh ... no
So ... Slow
Don't ... go

Kind ... smile
Fine ... guile
Mine ... awhile

Clop... Clip
Flop ... Flip
Hop ... Hip

Dippy ... Hippy
Lippy ... Really
Sally ... Silly

Filly ... Hilly
Fanny ... Filly
Willy ... Billy

No ... oh

Slow ... so

Go ... don't

Smile ... kind

Guile ... fine

Awhile ... mine.

She is the Minatrice

Her eyes are verdant green,
As was her succulent soul.
Looking at her, she did not seem
so outgoing, to be so bold.

Yet by her actions, bold she was...
not held back, and brash as well.
What appetites! Pray, what does
she – what faint heart can tell.

She stalks the moon lit night
and seeks, as she must, new prey.
She longs until things are set right
then is transformed until the day.

Her crimson lips seek onto all
As she keeps you, her catch, so close

Her soft, hunger is your fall ...
before long she somehow grows.
She knows all there is about you.
She folds your precious petals back
Devouring your hidden truth, too
private to be shared ... yet nothing lacks.

She is the Minatrice, half-lust
Half-love, ready to die
or be consumed. She offers, she must.
Unsuspecting, you cannot look in her eyes.

What does he see, but her soft lips
Perhaps her bare femality
Entranced is he by inviting hips
He does not sense familiarity

Of what she is ... half beast
Ready to feast ... to sup
To take from him the least
That he is prepared to give up.

As he lays with her, he does not sense
the grave danger he is in, not a breath.
She smothers him with her presence
until he is wrapped and clothed by death.

Then she finishes off her feast
She draws apart his limbs, one by one
He feels nothing, he is asleep
The pain, one fast slice ... he comes

And so the Minatrice is satisfied.

Where Does Lost Time Go

Where does lost time go
at the end of each day?
Ask! No one can honestly say
‘cause no one truly knows.

Alas, do the soft clouds
ever lay down their tired heads?
Well ... where are their beds
as they drift all around.

And the poor, gentle wind
whispers back, sadly apart
sharing secrets of the heart
as it gathers up our sins.

When the sun banes to sets

Upon the distant waters
Can we see the sea boil
and hear the oceans' hiss?

After evening's sunset
the stars they do appear here
silently coy as if this were
the first time they have met.

When our daily toil is ended
and we are robbed of lust
are we then crumbled dust ...
are our frail sense offended?

Alas, when the sun again
appears afresh in the morn
Are all our dreams forsworn?
The hard night did pass in vain?

When from our sleep we do rise
with the dark passage of time
More words, that together do rhyme
Sweep across our furrowed minds.

Ask me where lost time goes
One instant it is here

And then next it is there
Don't ask ... no one knows.

Your Politics is All Amiss

Your politics is all amiss
Your prejudice is far from new
In you, what naivety there is
Wrapped in your point of view

When in your glass you peer
The truth you think you see
You are left, half lost I fear
Never right! As wrong as one can be.

Declare yourself that all men are free
Yet your thoughts are but illusions
Chained in your world, never left to be
a theology of grand delusion.

Your victims piled high, your legacy
lifeless cords, your marks forgotten souls
Hate has become your litany
Freedom erased, perhaps your goal.

I Know Not Beauty, I Know Not Sin

All that eyes
 Do seek
All that hearts
 Do find
All this is inside
 My troubled mind.

Enter my hope
 All is well
Enter my fear
 I cannot tell
Enter my illusions
 All is hell.

On time
 In faith
On hope
 In pain
On that all
 Is the same.

We know
 Things different
We find
 We are mislaid

All is lost

I do not care.

I know not

... beauty

I know not

... sin

I only know

What is within.

She Creates Her Own Harness

His world is his needle

Everything that he is

exists in his small pen

that pierces through her flesh

She can't see how he got in

She can't find her way out

She is captured, then tied down

forced against her will ... out of her mind.

Once he is in, he is in.

Her world shrinks to nothing

She hides her agony well

He has her hunger and her thirst.

Her's is a cry of desperation
A hope for her chance
He pumps into her
oblivious of her pain.

When it has become inevitable
he tires. Rest will soon be at hand.
He is blinded by his banner
She, well hidden by her shame.

Then she wakes, then she shakes.
her dream has left her wet.
She creates her own harness.
A fantasy to escape her lonely life.

We've been Suzuki'd ... been Shanghai'd

The Rising Sun
It never set

Yamamoto ha futatabiho shimasse
Nippon ha made seifuku [1]

It sweeps across the Pacific
Like a fleet of ships

Sukoshitesaki ... booto ...

Banzai ... Banzai ... Banzai ... [2]

Can you smell it?

The stench of decaying truth

Seijo no fuhai

Yamadhumino ki no koodo [3]

They say the Asian Holocuast

Did not occur. Thirty million

Kie ta ... sugatawo keshi ta

Karera ha sonzai shimasen! [4]

The truth has died

A thousand little deaths

... shisana danpenni stesudannagura

taberu shi tsuba wo haita, mataha saiaku mada [5]

The Narcicissm, Demagoguery, Prejudice of the Thing!

We have all been Suzuki'd ... been Shangai'd

Its calculated, an algorithm ... the old fart,

such arrogance ... hell ... its all academic

It's mighty Goliath at his best

It's all fugly history.

[1] Yamamoto sails again

Japan conquers still

[2] Little minions ... boats

Banzai ... Banzai ... Banzai ...

[3] the putrefaction of decomposing flesh

cords of wood piled high

[4] vanished ... disappeared

they did not exist

[5] cut into little pieces ... beaten

eaten and spat out, or worst yet

Just Blame it on the Old White Man

The Canada I once knew has died

Sliced thin, scattered into a million pieces

It has been diced, know you now why I cry

Look ... Narcissism, Demagoguery, Prejudices

This once great country's history has been erased
Dear Dominion, Who Stands on Guard for Thee?
Disguise and myths has taken history's place
We have the right, the reasons, they plead.

The Crumbs, the Bullies, the Corrupt,
Propaganda is the game they play
Who built this country ... Asians
Who are the enlightened ones ... aboriginals.

There was no railway ... sea to sea
After they came, it was plundering all the way.
The Scotsman conned the Metis
See. And it continues to this day!

The truth is meaningless, it does not fit
The facts ... so well they too can change
Just yell, long hard, the rest shall sit
Tussled, cajoled, their hearts much pained.

Now they are old, and forgotten
A generation who gave so much
To the common good, in return they gotten
Pushed aside, neglected, 'ere turned to dust

The heart of the city Occupied, a master plan
Set out ... play the game, the Tanuki
Says, or you don't get the prize. You fiends
Your crewel bastards, it was wrong to fight
And beat the Japanese ... so says apologist Suzuki

The Plunder it did not go
The war, the killing, Nankin, the rape
Say a lie, so many times, upon
Which your Minions will believe.

Its so Saint David says. Great ...

Watch! Gimme gimme, I want I want
Give me it all, I grab because I can.
Nothings good in this old land, nothing counts
Just blame it on the old white man.

There are Ants in My Kitchen ...

Little ants in the kitchen,
they scurry fro and to
There are ants in my kitchen,
what ever am I to do?

They're on the counter tops,
they run around the pans and pots
There are ants in my kitchen,
what ever am I to do?

These little stupid, silly things
I'm glad they have no wings!
There are ants in my kitchen,
what ever am I to do?

Look at them! They search around,
No crumb ... not one they've found.
There are ants in my kitchen,
What ever am I to do?

I'll show these frantic little pests
I'll show them who knows best.
There are ants in my kitchen,
what ever am I to do?

They think they're clever oh so smart
I have a plan ... now let's start.
There are ants in my kitchen,
what ever am I to do?

I grab my vacuum to stand tall

and then stood back against the wall.

There are ants in my kitchen

What ever am I to do?

I could kill them, yes I would

Must I ... really ... I guess I could.

There are ants in my kitchen,

what ever am I to do?

They're doing their job, and so am I

These little creatures don't deserve to die.

There are ants in my kitchen,

what ever am I to do?

There're more of them, but one of me

I'll be clever and leave them be!

There are ants in my kitchen,

What ever am I to do?

I'll scrub and clean and scrub some more

I'll clean from counter top to door.

There are ants in my kitchen,

what ever am I to do?

All day long I've done the chore

Its late, I'm tired, I can't do more.

There are ants in my kitchen,
what ever am I to do?

Next morning early up I got
To stand besides the pans and pots.
There are ants in my kitchen,
what ever am I to do?

One came out alone to play
Looked at me as if to say
We'll leave our game for another day
There are ants in my kitchen.

One Can Find Summer's Happiness

Amongst the warmth and light of an August afternoon
Amongst the clouds and raindrops too
Even in a world so much at odds and ends
One can find summer's happiness.

It is the gleam of sunlight on the ocean
Reflecting off the hair of a strawberry beauty
Who has shared, an afternoon delight with me
And I so unprepared for things ... things best left unsaid

Summer bliss, of memories and desires

Of gracefulness, that floats by overhead
Castles – a Princess' realm, blown by
immeasurable peace and newfound worlds

That sensation of floating, heralded by perfume
The essence of hidden flowers ... of pink butterflies
Oh in such an Auguste place
One can find summer's happiness.

Depression Session

Ol' sis is really sick
Pneumonia ... she can't lie
The cars done broke again
And so once more am I

My best friend's job's lost
She's come to her wits end
She can stand her boss
He drives her around the bend

Another one, well ... her beau
are now gone split apart.
She's no where else to go
with her sad, broken heart

People call me all the time
They call me day and night
To recount to me their crimes,
and relate to me their plight.

Please world, leave me be.
I have worries of my own
Or can't you really see
... don't call me on the phone

But noooo, again it riiiiinnnggggs
There's something that we sell
As if silence were a sin!
On man ... can't you go to hell.

If again the phone it harks
I don't want to pick it up
For heavy is my heart
I've really had enough

From Which Learns He

I supped the nectar
from the flower, a rose
in full bloom. Let there
be no fuller place posed

The barb, it pricks
It draws fresh blood.
With my lips I lick
my tongue I did so rub

Across the soft petals
set apart, one left ... one right
Rich pink velvet nettles
that sail away the night

And within? What is there
but Ulysses journey
The epic land laid bare
From which learns he

of gardens and delights
of sea-nymphs that beckon
him – have no fright!
sail your ship right upon

Venus' shoal, a pons
that spans gulfed ground
An island held tightly on
the figure of one's hand.

Such wistful bliss
and music – the song flows
From a mouth far amiss
a face he well does know

The waves they came, they crashed
And suddenly they were gone
Her passions unabashed
The nectar flowed anon.

It's Four a.m. Now ...

It's four a.m. now ...
And I cannot sleep
The warm milk hasn't helped.
Life's a big bad dream.

Tomorrow's rent day.
What more is there to say?
I live my life at the edge
and a very sharp one at that.

I'd count my pennies
if they hadn't done them out.
What next, the nickels too.
What's one to do?

In my dreams we play polo
on tricycles, top hat and all.
Around and around we go,
knocking everything over.

Heh ... it's a dream, ok?
Awake we don't even have
The top hats. I am so lonely
I'd rather lie than live.

The sky's not so blue
And I am not in the pink
Things may well still fall apart.
It's enough to make one crazy.

The cloud has burst
The constant drizzle ... the rain
Will it stop? Maybe not
It may even last forever.

When it rains .. it rains ..
When it pours ... hell breaks loose
I want to punch my hand
through life, but it punches back.

Its four a.m. now,
and I cannot sleep.

Nibble and Bytes

Nibbles and bytes
Damn ... nibbles and bytes
The hacker's at it again

He wants my name
My life ... my money too.
I'm too poor to care

Maybe he's the boy next door?
Odd's are he's somewhere far.
All in a day's work I guess.

Yo dude ... You try too hard!
Its not worth it believe me.
You don't believe me?

Troll away, knock yourself silly
While you're busy ...
I'll go make myself some mint tea.

The hacker ... he's at it again.

Galileo's Birthday

There was this Italian, Renaissance Sun
We should together stand forth and say
As cultured souls and learned ones
The world should celebrate Galileo's Birthday!

Can a Diana

Miss

....iss

... au

... gee

... eh

I Really Need to Beat this Heat

In the shade I sit,
iced mint in hand.
Tea is not enough
to stave off this heat

The sea breeze
smells of sweet
sand and brine

And it stands still ... time

I really need
to beat this heat
before this heat
beats me ...

I cannot nap
it is so hot.
Can't read as well
its hot as hell

What am I to do?
Then ... it catches my eye
The sprinkler ... kid's stuff
Pure bliss ...

Weeeeeeeeeee ...
Look at meeeee ...

That Rush to Never Land

Who lives in separate
worlds, one real
The other imagined
In the dark

In the dark
You can never be alone
There is always us
and our thoughts too

There is anguish
In the dark
Still to escape the pain
there is pleasure too

Taking matters at hand
there is that little death
In the dark
that rush to never land

Nothing is Really Important

The Universe
is really nothing

The Universe
is everything important

We should care about
everything important.

Ergo ... about everything ...
nothing is really important

Towards Uncharted Shores

She made me wonder about
her secret collections of things
dainty, pink and orange lace
that fit her mood or place

Her Bikini Atoll ... flowered
like loud Hawaiian shirts
Then one day she wore
a flowing purple skirt

She set sail from Maui
towards fabled shores
bright flowers and petals
billowing, fragrant in the breeze

She knew her hold,
then it dawned on me ...
the feeling of knowing
yet setting away with it

This gave me a pleasure
I never thought possible
She knew that too
... the pleasure that is

The languid sailing
Waves like white elephants
afloat at our small table
amongst the coffee set

We sailed away together
Around the sugar cubes
and spoiled spoons
the empty cups too.

We have spirited Venus
to pilot us towards
uncharted shores
as happy as we are.

And Please Don't Forget Something Strong

I write these words
On the back of a crumpled
And long discarded plain
paper grocery bag ...

The next time
you are at the store
pick up a dozen
poems or more

A quart of ilk,
or better still
a pint of dream
fancy free.

A loaf of dread,
fear nought, preferred
with happy seeds
twelve grain.

And something sweet
utterly fault free
to spread over the dread
and make it palatable

Oh ... please don't forget
something strong
to unclog the brain
and feed the mind

There's a Mouse in my House

As I woke up
With coffee in cup
I happen to see ... gulp

There's a mouse
Near my house
Oh! What a louse.

Around it runs
Its having fun
From where did it come?

It's in search of a feast.
Can't it leave me in peace,
this little grey beast?

Look ... it has no fear
No ... don't come so near
There's nothing for you here.

I spill some coffee
Then set down my cup
On to the table top

And grab up my broom
Swearing its doom
Stay out of my room.

Where is that darn cat?
The one that's so fat.
It's asleep on the door mat.

Wake up you lazy lout
See! There's a mouse
At my house.

It comes close to me
... please leave me be
I just want to flee.

I wish it would cease
I know .. I'll toss it some cheese
Or it will do as it please.

Here's some good brie
I'm your friend can't you see?
Oh ... look at its glee!

It dashes too and fro
I wish it would go

I fear it you know.

Onto a chair I go
And teeter to and fro
I'm going to fall ... oh no.

And with a big crash
Onto the floor I smash
My peace just could not last!

Then .. the cat woke with a start
And then played its small part
After the mouse it did run!

The cat chased the mouse
All through my house\
but couldn't catch the louse.

Watch out ... cat
Oh no not the table
Like me its not stable

Onto me my cup did spill
Hot coffee ... now I feel it
Go away .. go away if you will

As I lay on the floor
The mouse ran out the door
What ... is that it ... no more?

Back on its mat ... again
The cat smiled its Cheshire grin
Defeated I lay on the ground

I watched the mouse scurry away
What more can I say
That mouse ruined my day.

Then ... There was the Fifth

The crows flew overhead
They cawed, they cawed, they cawed,

but one just strangely cackled
And flew unlike the rest.

There was a father crow
A mother one two

And little Jack and Jill
The twins fresh from the nest.

Then ... there was the fifth
Mottled and feather bare

Much older than the rest
With a half vacant stare.

The crows flew overhead
They cawed, the cawed, they cawed.

Except the one who strangely cackled,
This one, he was the raven lunatic

... That Was That

I watched from afar
As the big black bear
ate fistful of my berries

It saw me and knew
that what it ate was mine.
But it just scratched its crotch

When it had eaten its fill,
content with its feast
the big black beast

Let out a big loud belch
and So pleased with itself
it squatted and left her scat

As she ambled off,
She glanced back at me
Her grimace said it all

... and that was that!

Brother ... Can You Spare a Dime?

They rob you
Of your happiness

These letters ... the bills
The ... you owe us

Or else, well
... what else?

You`re big
I`m not

You`ve got lots
in your pockets

I don't! Me
I have nickels

If that and
holes to boot

Follow the trail
of lost nickels

Oh ... you've noticed
The trail ends

Brother ... can you
Spare a dime?

Oh ... Forty!

Oh ... Forty!

What a perfect number

We all know it is the new thirty.

That it's twice as much fun as twenty

Four times more knowledgeable than a ten

Eight times more accomplished than a childish five

And half that of a weighty eighty ... what pleasures lie ahead?

Ergo ... why Study?

The more

I study

 The more

 I know

The more

I know

 The more

 I forget

The more

I forget

 The less

 I know

Ergo ...

why study?

Ode to Pythagoras

The Great One he stood

And drew back his dark hood

It is Pythagoras, our oracle
With another of his miracles.

It is the good, the beautiful, the true ...
That be the thing to entice you.

Your senses are your sin
Real truth lies within.

Experience is your fall.
Pure reason answers all.

Of this you must remember
That everything is number!

Take something with three sides
A base, hypotenuse, right rise

Its area we can now calculate
Half base by rise we mensurate.

A right triangle is the case
Now listen ... square the base,

Next square the rise
Summed ... hypotenuse squared. Surprise!

More? A circle of radius height
Rolled out circumference right

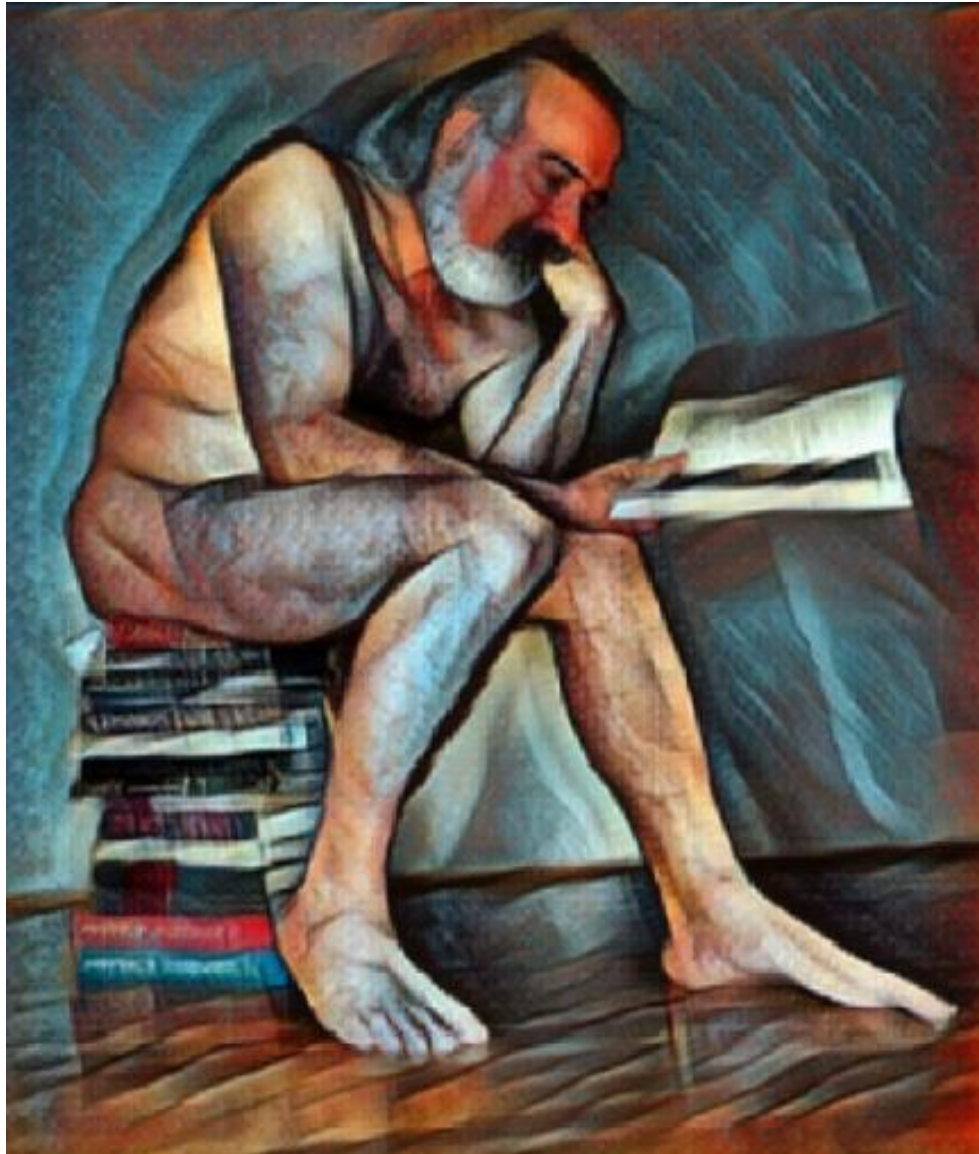
A triangle we have found
Area ... π radius squared. Truth abound!

His mysticism of numbers
And many notions he remembers

Such respect, our master he has earned
Mathematics ... is something to be learned

Let no man enter here
If its mathematics that he fears!

Pictorial: Ah ... There's Nothing Like a Good Book!



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